FUN, FURS 'N' FUZZBOXES!

GLASTONBURY CND FESTIVAL
Worthy Farm, Pilton, Somerset

FUZZBOX MAGZ: like Prince, she's looking for the ladder...in the wrong place

We've gotta festival and we're gonna use it! CHRIS ROBERTS picks his way through the burning bodies at the GLASTONBURY CND FESTIVAL in search of peace, love and Hedex. JAYNE HOUGHTON has a bummer of a summer

WHAT DOES everyone do all through the night, Jacky?

"Take drugs. There's not a single person making love, they're all too busy taking drugs."

What does your T-shirt say, Hank?

"Pigs can fly, the earth is flat, and nuclear power is safe."

What is that man over there shouting?

"Wake up in strange places in other people's underwear – a quid a bottle."

And what is his nice friend shouting?

"Have your throat slit for 15p! Glaswegian smiles! Here we are!"

What has Brian got to say?

"They don't make flip-flops like they used to."

How would I describe all this if I was clever and just?

"Harmless hedonism, not very active but at least *in the name of activism.*"

WAS THERE LOTS OF FREE LOVE???

"Hard to say for sure. There were 85,000 people and there was a large snake for sale, its skin was glinting in the sunlight. And ashes, and jewellery. And women walking around holding burning branches, and impressionist green and purple trees, and helicopters. Acrobats too, and dogs, police (but only on the fringes), traffic jams, coats, postcards, rainbow crystals, moonscapes, buckets, sunsets over latrines, a hell of a lot of blue, orange, green and red tents, a bus called 'The Festering Kipper', astrological charting, lost children over-nines, lost children under-nines, lost children, punks and hippies and rastas and mods and skinheads and students. . .

"There were crafts and cloths, some men on stilts, tripwires, grape juice, a bookstall proferring Ibsen's *When We Dead Awaken*, raffia rugs, couples with babies ('That's small,' I venture. 'Is it well?'), a girl who used to sparkle but now talks like a bassline from 'Closer', balloons around your ankles, the smell of sick or is it parmesan, jazz, theatre, films, devotion, apathy, naked toddlers calling 'Judy! Where *are* you?', an apple core or two and a very big pyramid with a light on top."

What does Jo Fuzzbox think Ted Chippington's summary of the event would've been if he was still around to give it?

"Not bad, mate."

What is the proper thing to shout when it looks like rain?

"Rain! Hurray!"

And does it rain?

Not so you'd notice.

" Stormy weather," **Lloyd Cole** mumbles after *"every time we get together,"* and this kind of half-hearted posturing is all-too-indicative of the lustreless performances of most of the Big Name acts who 'grace' Stage One. Nearly all the hope, promise, wit, baiting, challenge and charm springs off Stage Two, off the Quite Big Name acts and Little Name acts for whom an audience is still something (a bloody mass?) to be moved, seduced or infuriated, rather than mollycoddled and humoured.

The Psychedelic Furs, headlining on the Friday night, with their first major UK 'show' for nearly two years, disappoint most neutral parties. Lifting off quaintly with 'Heartbeat, and 'Cowboys', they ease into a professional entertainers' mode, and as the dry ice billows through the Duranesque frock-coats, they embark on a career of stadium rock and stock attitudes. The fan in me ghosts. . .

Richard Butler still holds a cigarette like a god and the Nazi march was a dinky touch, but Lord those aerobics! He keeps doing starjumps. Bouncing about. This is not cool, this does not suggest latent tragedy. The presentation is veering from Alcatraz to *Razzmatazz*: we used to like it because it was *more* than rock 'n' roll. Beautiful chaos has become chummy and processed.

This doesn't stop 'President Gas' or 'Pretty In Pink' from displacing my collarbone, and 'Into You Like A Train' is lean and forceful. Some old burning truths, however, have been filed away through management and cowardice, and The Furs seem somehow under glass, slack and complacent. It's a relief when they close with the ever-tumescent 'India'. Six feet away from the group sidestage, I had until this storm of a song felt further distanced than when I used to buy their records and think "Wow, I wish I could be cool like that."

There are hundreds of things people do (outside their tents) at Glastonbury apart from watch pop groups. They trade (there is a medieval ambience about this) and they meet other people from their past and present. Maybe, occasionally, their future. They eat – there is a ready selection of mud-spattered vegetarian delicacies available – and drink drink drink. They be merry. Many seem to be searching for a person called "Acid Two Fifty".

There are marquees featuring actors and actresses, jugglers and juggleresses, films and filmesses. In The Pilton Palais

FURS' Richard Butler realises someone's stolen his binoculars

you can see things like *My Beautiful Laundrette, Kiss Of The Spiderwoman*, or *Repo Man*, or even – eventually – televised World Cup football. There is a mini-fairground and a langorous haze with fleeting currents of mayhem. It takes ten years off my age and adds on about nine.

The cross-cultural mélange is whisked and wired. There *are* multitudinous hippies, yes, but then if our noble Government thought hippies were undesirable it wouldn't've invented **The Cult**. But seeing is believing, and I saw. If you lined up all the slogan T-shirts you'd have the history of popular music, from Louis Armstrong to James Brown to Bob Marley, from Cheap Trick (!) to The Banshees. One hopes that, by next year (I will be absent due to impending death), some of the newer names electrifying the nether regions of the festival will be rumpled across chests.

More positively, there's a range, a variety, without even considering the acoustic and classical stages. (We do actually consider them. The first throws up a dopey reggae band, funnily enough, and the second sends a torch song across the night like blood-red bluebirds of tranquil delirium. . .ah, but time is of the essence.)

"It's an extraordinary crop that Farmer Michael grows," announces diehard orator **E P Thompson** (the conscience totem?).

Thawing out the wigwam wonders by Saturday lunchtime are **Buddy Curtess And The Grasshoppers,** their lime-green and candy-pink reactionary cabaret perfect for the occasion. Copyism and swing are their fortes. Bright, brisk, they move me like a broken biro. I skip the 200 yards to where **The Brilliant Corners,** almost-local almost-heroes, are showing what 'lively' really means now. A red and gold guitar with 'Yeah' painted on it and a string of pearls of confused love and not-love songs, from the spirited new single 'Meet Me On Tuesday' to 'Everything I Ever Wanted', which achieves the rare feat of appearing sorry for itself *yet still* sounding tinglingly attractive.

There's the clean-living awareness of **Latin Quarter,** all schoolteacher ideology and pressed jeans. Nicaragua Libre, right, and Sandinista, right, and haven't we rehearsed meticulously? I can tell at a glance they never swear and are frigid.

Loudon Wainwright III swallows his own voice during tales of dead sharks in the middle of the road. Bit of a fruitcake, conceivably a loser. **John Martyn,** a great bear of frothy aged soul, a sometime saint with whiskers, has the voice for the phase. Gentle, relaxed, playing his natural game today. One of that rare breed who can make a line like *"I could never get used to it"* seem searingly perceptive. It's tempting to suggest he'd be even more effective *without* the muddling muso-leanings of his slightly indulgent band.

I send my good friend Cinderella B Crescendo over the badlands to check out some of this 'alternative, indie' music which threatens to infiltrate and pollute our cosy castles in the air. I commission her to review the Vindaloo vignette. She returns with this report: "Oh, I squealed and I squealed! And then I squealed some more!"

That's rosy, Cindy, but be specific. Were **The Nightingales'** parts greater than the whole? Did you find, perhaps, that every twang counted but didn't quite add up? That folky jigs and moody surges can lose their flair and dare and wherewithal because Rob Lloyd has a yucky shirt and funny-shaped hair?

"Er. . ."

Well, perhaps you sincerely felt that, although they caught modern life in a wierd/normal way, they didn't so much rock as wriggle?

"I quite liked them actually."

The question is though: how many of **Ted Chippington**'s jokes and true stories did you remember so we could impress shapely rubber plants at parties?

"Five or so."

Go on, then.

"Chief, LSD, Cheltenham, I'm addicted, Aye you probably are mate, Champion."

Did he hold his beer bottle like a life support system?

"Oh yes, yes."

And did he say – "I think you should check in to the Heartbreak Hotel, good place to go, have a game of Solitaire or two, eh?"

"Mmm."

Gosh, he's a genius and a titan and an archangel and a midified dynamo and a pre-Raphaelite painter really, isn't he?

"And he can dance."

The beast. Shame about the songs.

"I'm tired, boss. People only have to ask me my name twice and I'm exhausted. Could *you* review **Fuzzbox** while I paint my nails? Go on, you could do a poem. You'd *like* to do *that*, wouldn't you?"

Ooh, I don't know. . .bit out of practice. . .

"Try it. See what happens."

So.

Oh Fuzzboxes.

You can all play 76 instruments now.

Well

You haven't got as many

Instruments

As you have

Colours.

What do you think?

"Not one of your best."

I guess you're right Cinders. Look how muddy your golden slippers are!

Yes, I should've mentioned that the audience *peaked,* that barriers were shredded in the stampede for a smile, that their 'Spirit In The Sky' is a thousand times more loopy and adventurous than that *other* one, that 'Do I Want To?' and 'Rules And Regulations' sounded so *hard* you had to shake your head and look again, that *flamingos are in this summer,* and this is the future of fun (a big thing) in pop music (a little thing).

When Vicky has to gigglingly say "Can you move back a bit please 'cos people are getting squashed?", Altamont is instantly erased from the history books. 'Hollow Girl' for National Anthem. I think Jo thought it was a dodgy gig, but what I say is: Maggie, don't *ever* get your teeth fixed. Tra la la.

The next brilliant ray of multi-dimensional sunshine (oh look, I'm having to do this in a hurry, be fair) comes – after a slow start – from **Half Man Half Biscuit.** Suddenly, it becomes clear why they inspire such *allegiance* . . . the music is angry, even morbid, while the black comic depth of the words belies the boys' sartorial impotence.

Wonderfully fresh guitar noises occur, and if a group who cry *"Jesus Christ, come on down!"* and pursue a poetic allusion to Subbuteo – to the demented extent of citing goalkeepers with no arms and disputed penalties – are not serious, I don't know who is. Curiously releasing all the untapped pent-up frustration of arrested adolescent males, HMHB give their army a flag and an arsenal, where previously there was just embarrassment and hiding-of-things-under-the-bed. They appreciate and employ realistic imagery and surreal delivery.

They should learn to divorce Una Stubbs from Wendy Craig. Otherwise – *1-2-3-4 John The Baptist knows the score"* – I was converted. Crumbs. *"God gave us life,"* they growl, threatening to become the ideal festival band of the rest of the '80s.

Back at mega-stage, **Lloyd Cole** is being clear and precise and smug . . . that *uncomprehending* line about Norman Mailer still mars his credentials to be anything more than a good looker. His Levis ad sensitivity is tolerable tonight, when he's not too pushy and when 'Forest Fire' is self-controlled and stellar.

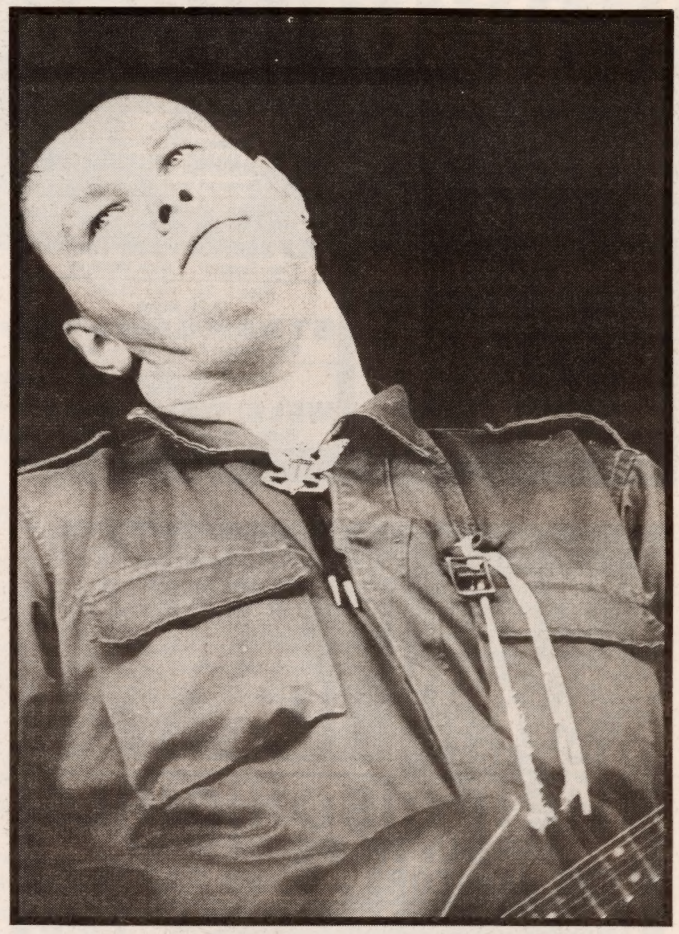
I am informed by Jack O'Barron, who knows about these things, that **Black Uhuru** are lacking Sly and Robbie and that The Wailers are not exactly the original Wailers. They all sound the same to me anyway, he commented objectively.

Around now someone shouts: "Come and see the man with two dicks, he's in *this* tent." I decline. What you can see of the ground is littered with . . . um . . . litter. I try to work out why Smiley faces have changed so much since I was a lad, then realise I am looking at an I Ching yin and yang thingy.

The Dream Syndicate – oh, hello America – commence like drills, blunder into spills. Raw-ish on sweet chords and hooks, dress sense poor to mediocre, they're alternately sneery and plodding. They're the only act of the whole weekend, apart from **Robert Cray**, to plug their record releases verbally. There's one blast of fall-to-your-knees aural sandpaper, after that it's more dishwater and daisies than wine and roses. Rockpile for Dr Hook fans.

"Robert Smith looks far too sheepish and sulky to entertain all that many people," is one interesting comment that reaches me. **The Cure's** set is their well-trodden *fait accompli* of recent months. Standing on a beach and sobbing out 'the hits', even if it means 6,427 encores. So many cats and cupboards and fingerclicks. Close indeed, and cute and coy, and if popular bands *must* only perform shows that have all the intimacy of a cashpoint machine, then at least let them do it with *gallons of white light in blackness.*

As here, Smith and his *backing band* (let's face it) nobly attempt. 'One Hundred Years' is the only song in the world that lasts as long as its title without ever falling below the 'admirably magical' level. Later, in a corridor, I see a painting called 'Rustic Courtship'.



A NIGHTINGALE contemplates having parts greater than his whole

First thing Sunday, my head hurts. Second thing Sunday, I summon Cinderella and send her to explore Wells Cathedral, as it's "the first true English Gothic Cathedral", and thus highly relevant. "I liked it," she observes. "Now let's get back to the loud music and funny people."

Off we roar and just in time to catch the horrendous **Housemartins** being tediously zany and **Terry And Gerry** being zanily tedious. Another major research tour of the site is called for. A fair few naked children abound, or at least they'd abound if there were more than a fair few of them. I meet two dogs wrestling and *try to come up with a common denominator for all these people.* Well, they're nearly all below 40.

The vast majority are affably friendly, very *laissez faire. Are they gathered here to make a better world for their children?? Yes* is the surprise answer, because if *they* are *happier* thanks to a wild weekend in the Somerset countryside then their children will reap the benefit of that release.

But *not* because this affair is any manifestation of *resistance.*

This is something the prophet, seer, sane and tall man **Robyn Hitchcock** observes during a marvellous acapella interlude . . . "attempts to become your own love object . . . even Marilyn Monroe was a man but this tends to be overlooked".

Hitchcock is a thoroughly deserving crowd-pleasing success, his stories obsessional and his hands slippery mobiles. There's such a well of tenderness beneath the absurdity: *"I'm a snow-covered mountain in an empty room for you/ I'm a house that burns down every night for you."* Spiritually – yes, I said spiritually – his sharp set is the climax of the weekend's *music.* Everyone present notices this. He exits with a ferocious 'Tell Me About Your Drugs'.

Christy Moore's philosophical and pungent folk bristles across the air, then Robert Cray delivers the usual crisp blues. He is never quite painful enough. He can sing the word "wine" like a weeping waterfall, he's as pretty as Carl Lewis or a young Clay, and his face contorts and creases, but somehow – I get the feeling I've said this before – you sense the man is *too proficient to be vulnerable.* His simplest songs convey difficulty most fluidly. Sleek as you like, his wave goodbye is the *baddest* of the day.

Big Very Famous Pop Superstars **Simply Red** are disgraceful. They go down very well, everybody loves them, but you and I know they're a contrived sham. Mick Hucknall's grotty Roger Chapman impressions over desensitised Americana gloss. Clutching a bottle of Perrier, he croaks, "There's no business like show business". He should know.

If you *can* imagine a more trite, vapid song than 'Imagine' itself, then it's their closing number. Something about Heaven being a place where just you and he do

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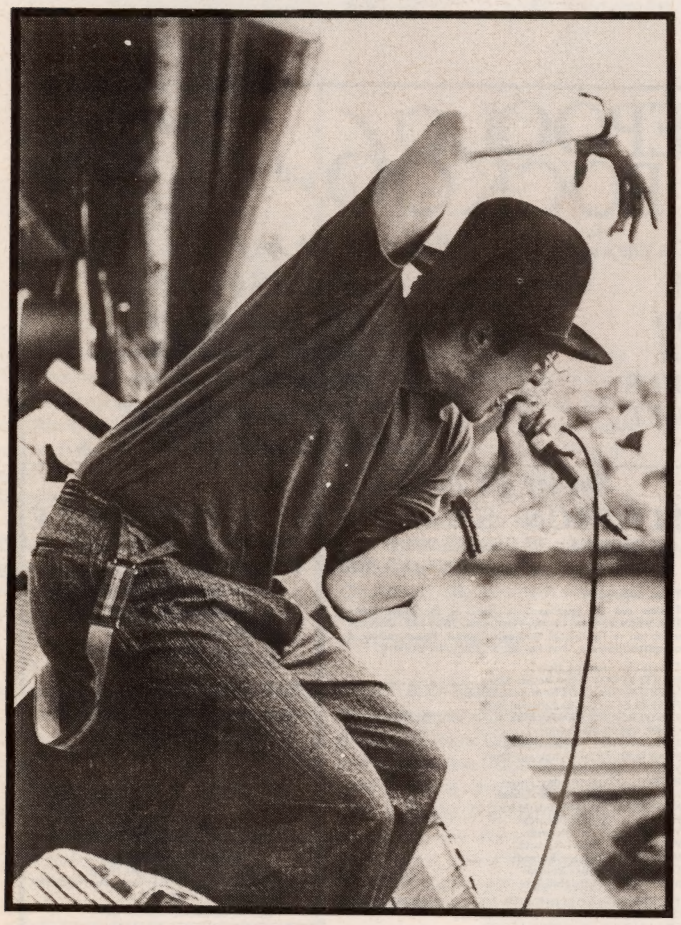
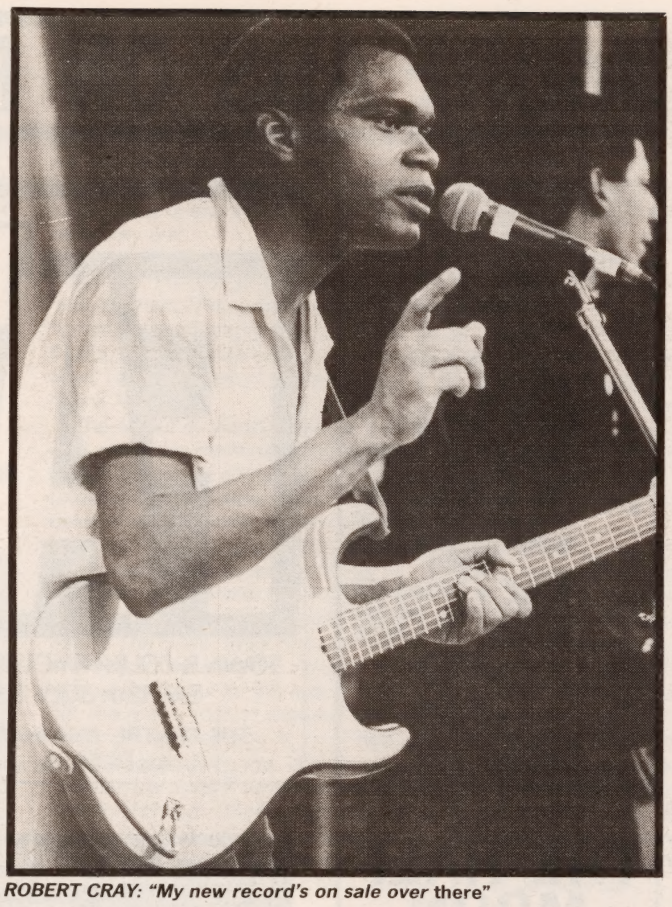


MICK HUCKNALL graphically demonstrates art of being Simply Red (or any other colour)

SUGGS: not lying back, but definitely thinking of England

GIG



ROBERT CRAY: "My new record's on sale over there"

FROM PAGE 27

nothing all day. Save us Satan! The new Joe Cocker is very unglamorous, hopelessly dislocated from the pulsebeat of beauty, lust and death. And very popular. You fools.

Billy Bragg does Billy Bragg in shorts with conviction, then **The Mighty Lemon Drops** reveal their just-above-mediocrity. A voice flatter than a coffee table says very little over straightforward pop-rock. The singer hasn't the charisma he thinks he has but they're all looking fine in black and white and thin legs. Their encore is The Teardrop Explodes' 'When I Dream'. Ah, so *that's* what the next big thing is doing. I see.

The sun beats a swansong as the flock begins to drift away. Tents are lowered, Thermoses wiped lovingly. Champagne has arrived. There are 'last day sale' prices on many illicit things. In a toilet backstage, Suggs is telling somebody it's alright because he's had a few days for it to sink in that he'll be missing the England match when onstage.

He does, however, announce the latest score in between every other song, these songs being 'Baggy Trousers', 'Grey Day' et al, in checked suits and white socks. When they're poised they're crafty, but Madness are falling prey to some clinical soloing and water-treading. At times they're no more than a jukebox (which suits everyone just fine). The only bits that delighted me were a) when Suggs said "I think we've just got time for one more" after the first song, b) 'It Must Be Love' and c) Suggs saying, for reasons best known to himself: "Balloons are attracted to electricity like fruit flies to a banana."

Madness never seem willing to warble, or wail, or to examine *interiors.* I think I'd feel guilty smoking a cigarette in their front room. They have too few *nuances.*

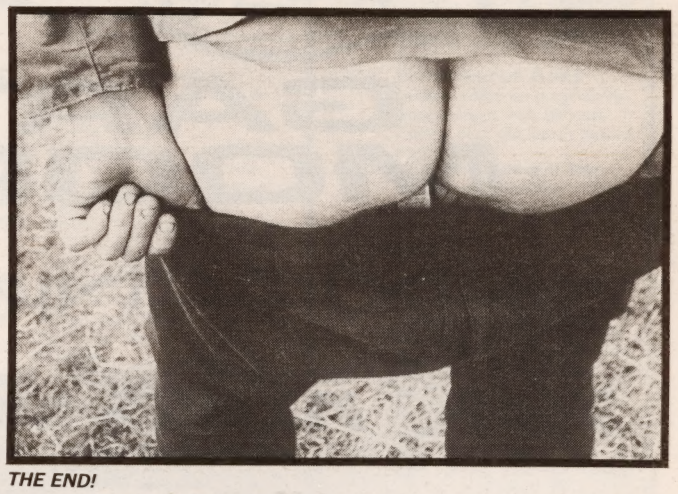
Just time to catch *The Woodentops* nervously scurrying through a set of benign bewilderment.

"England might have to readjust: the little man's trickery is causing them problems," crackles a radio. Many are crowding round portable TV sets but many more than this would be hard-pressed to tell you what shape a football is.

Level 42 and **Gil Scott-Heron** are closing proceedings but, due to the demanding nature of my job and my ideal of professionalism, I have to buy Cinderella a plastic bottle of lager (85p) so that she'll turn into a pumpkin and we can go go go get a wash somewhere.

This necessarily hasty overview by a fatigued messenger in no way does justice to the myrid aspects of a public festival which, I soon learnt, has its own traditions, moral codes, unwritten laws, time scales, and comatose bodies. It takes all sorts, and in most cases gives them themselves back. Only with dirtier hair and fingernails. Neurasthenic idlers to a man/woman/child/dog/snake, like Nero fiddling, their retort to the gnawing horrors of everyday life is to throw a huge party in a field.

You find true style in the most unlikely places.



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